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MY HENNERY.

I feed a score of hens, or more, Dear hens they are to me-The eggs they lay Will hardly pay The time it takes, you see: Some days it takes two dozen hens To lay one egg at vast eggspens.

can not herd them in the yard. They'd fly above the moon; And now that spring Is on the wing. They keep the place in tune-"Cut-cut -- ca-daw cut!" are the words

That fit the anthems of my birds. "Cut-cut-ca-daw!" They scratch and claw, They scar the dimpled lawn; Flower beds I make, For them to rake. They scratch from early dawn; Like surface moles they dig great holes, And wallow in their dusty bowls.

Why do I herd this useless bird, That eachies, but not lays? That wastes her time, And much of mine, In all these busy days? se, when I moved out of town—I knew it— I kind e' somehow thought I ought to do it. -R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

GRANDMA.

The Romance of Her Checkered But Beautiful Life.

Seventy years ago a young girl was moistening the long strips of newlywoven linen that shone in the sunshine, contrasting brightly with the deep green meadow grass. Not far away stood the old farm-house, where dwelt as busy a troop of children and elders as the pages of old-home life often recall. To the west and north of the house lay the white linen, tenting the green sward; farther north etched the "big woods" where many wild animals still found shelter, and where the sugar maples spread their leafy arms. To the south of the house were long fields of corn, and nodding flax-the prettiest blue flower that grows. On the newly-cleared hillsides fed large flocks of sheep, and through the thinned woods roamed many cattle whose leader's tinkling bell sounded faintly through the fragrant air. Hives of bees and whole armies of fowls made the day lively with droning and cackling, and above the old wagon-shed the doves were flying in and out and cooing soothingly to their mates. Uncle Ely had caught and caged a pair of nimble gray squirrels for little Harvey, and these, with big Carlo and baby Harriet's snow-white kitten, made the day all gladness for the little ones who were too young to take much share in the household duties.

When grandma was young! The little grandchild can hardly believe that grandma was ever a tiny girl like herself, tearing her linsey-woolsey frock, and crying over the mishap. And what bigger grand-child in long dresses ever thought of grandma sitting in one corner of the old chimneyplace, after the old folks had gone to bed behind the linen curtains so that they might not see grandpa, spruce and smart in a high collar with points up to his eyes, holding grandma's hand, or kissing her blushing cheek? When they got as far as that there was no backing out, but Grandms named the day and they were cried in meeting pretty soon after.

. But, dreary me, graudma, little tenyears-old grandma, has been flying about in her blue check frock, sprinkling the linen in the green meadow and throwing up her chin to get a better and fresher breath of the summer air, laden with sweet clover scent-all the time I have been dreaming she sang, too, this self-same song:

"As I walked down by the sen-side I saw a little herrin' washed up the tide, Forty feet long and fify feet wide-What do you think of my little herrin'?

"What do you think I made of his legs? "Twas Albany steeple and London Great Gates and gate-posts and other fine things-Don't you think I made well of my little

If grandma, at eighty, keeps growing smaller, as in the last few years, she will soon be just as tall as she was on that sunny morning seventy years ago.

The linen is white-not the linen that twelve years before lay whitening on the grass-but other, fairer and whiter still, lines of grandma's own spinning and weaving. Wonderful flowers and checks hide in their inmost threads more wonderful dreams, for grandma has a lover. Grandpa and flower is no longer seen. she have been "cried," and every body knows that the "riz" cake is all baked, grandpa and grandma one, for ever

and ever. Amen! The sisters and brothers have admired the shining coat of the red heifer that great-grandpa has given toward his daughter's "setting out." Grandma has herself broken the heifer to milk, and she has kissed the white star in the gentle creature's forehead. and promised her all manner of good care in her new home. The inside of the house is full of busy workers. The loom and wheel have been silent since Saturday. Grandma has one more night to dream of her new life before it begins. All her "housen-stuff" stands ready to be taken to her new home in the morning. She is a little sad, and the sisters are somewhat awed at her unwonted dignity of man-

Saucy Thankful tries to be cheerful, and sings up loud and clear: "The Frog rode up Miss Mouse's hall-

ner on this, her last maiden day.

Jockey McKee, Kitty Malone-The Frog rode up Miss Mouse's hall— Kitty Malone and I.

The Frog rode up Miss Mouse's hall And there he did both knock and call-Kitty Malone and L'

year by year. It has painted upon it has a little stoop and a little limp. sweet home-scenes, and green drooping willows, alas, dot it here and there.

Four boys play around grandma's chair, who would believe it? and one smiles at her from Beyond. The green willows have begun to dot the scroll.

The new home is just as dear as the old one was. The bees hum, the doves coo, the meadows are green; the woodside resounds with the tinkling bell; the great trees are full of birds; all manner of birds and flowers are nodding and blushing on tree and shrub, and the air is full of sweet sounds of unwritten music. Grandma looks pale and sad. The great West has opened, and far away, thousands and thousands of miles, it seems to her, the voice of Ambition calls to vigorous manhood to leave wife and child and come out to Fortune and pioneer Fame. The plans are all made. The boys have their small duties laid out; they are made to understand that if father goes away he will come again with hands full of gold-pieces-and a gold-piece is something rare and charming in a child's

The last kiss has been given, the last good-bye waved, but the last tear has by no means been shed by those who watch the lumbering stage bear away their best beloved to far away and untried wilds.

Months have passed. The postman, so seldom seen in the old times, so common now-has brought loving letters full of hope. I am sure they were full of hope. I never read a word of them, but old and faded out, they still lie in grandma's stand drawer within reach of her hands.

So seldom do we realize that the hands that strangers folded and laid away out of sight will never more clasp ours, and the lips that strangers kissed not in dying will touch ours in love no more. So seldom do we realize this that there is no unexpected footfall audible to our dreaming ears even, that does not bring before us our lost one whose grave is in foreign soil, and causes us to start awake with disbelief of his death.

I know a mother of strong sons and matronly daughters, whose one son did not come back from the war, and whose sepulcher no man knows. To paper-pulp. One of our men picked this day she springs up from sleep in up a volume to look at it, and hearing the dead of night if a strange footfall nears the house.

"Father, George has come," she whispers, huskily.

Something of this feeling, I fancy, clung to grandma, and clings still, though she has pressed down other lids, and knows the truth.

But grandma, in spite of her age, in spite of her hard years of labor and served the deception. These were 3 was picked up by the frigate Sabine, fied not only by the suffrage of reason, grand-children is romantic no question about it.

Do you know what I am going to say next? Ah! yes. You are waiting for tively speaking. me to tell of the letter in the strange hand-writing that the postman brought. It told of short illness in a new country, thinly settled; of death, with but one friend near; of a grave in a rough cemetery wherein hardly passing inspection, boarded the stage any yet slept. The date-three weeks and drove off. Six hours after he was

laughed and smiled and joked and cause he refused to take her along. worked every day, and nothing told We had a long and weary chase and a me I was being hopelessly bereft of dangereus one, as the stage had relays my dearest and truest. What was I of horses waiting and we had not, and doing three weeks ago to-day? God to get foundered on the veldt (prairie) my love lay dying. The boys will last, and made him stare by asking never realize that their father is never him to get down, while we went for to come home to them as other boys' his boots.-W. F. Pond, in N. Y.

The following Sabbath the minister prayed for the bereaved ones and said some comforting words. There were no dry eyes as the old-fashioned choir sang:

"Why do we mourn departing friends?" and the big bass-viol prolonged the mournful strains of "China" until no further dirge was needed.

Around another home the birds sang, the breezes played, but the times were more recent. The loom had long been silent in the farm-house. Little grandmas no longer sang "My Little Herrin'" as they sprinkled the linen, trippling among the rows. The maples are larger and older. The blue flax- of that and the present machine-

grandma's new home are gathered to tell whether it was pegged or sewed and the parson will to-morrow make friends of other days; relatives; the until some sacrilegious clerk cut the minister who said the words of comfort years ago; the son grown to manhood, looking so like his father.

What occasion is this? The son, unwilling that his father's bones should rest so far from friends that he had a completed and tested and kin, has tenderly and reverently sought them out and brought them It required some few alterations, he back. Slowly up the aisle of the old said, such as a governor to keep it church in the wanning afternoon, went from going too fast and running down. the weeping ones, living over a time almost forgotten by some.

At the head walked grandma, on the | The flying machine inventor is repreother husband's arm, then the son and his little sister. Strangely mixed all sorts, sizes, and conditions. The "chief mourners," these! Ay! the last one to be patented was an elabostrangest procession of which I ever rate arrangement of wings and tails,

was a part. Tenderly they laid the lost and found to rest with his kindred. Grandma could do no less than read over her letters. She read them all through.

VI. Grandma is still with us; still loves the number would be near a half millus and tells us of things she used to do | ion. - Washington Post. and see. She has a little face now under a little cap. She has a little smile, a little tear for every one in advertised coffee for sale the other day, trouble, a little sigh for the past, a lit- when a grocery store got even by buy-Dream sweetly, grandma dear! There's the appetite for breakfast and dinner, ing a job lot of thread and selling it at judge for themselves. -Pall Mall Gaa long, long scroll to unroll before you a still smaller one for supper. She cost

There are many green willows on the scroll now. She has a great heart and an undying hope that pretty soon she shall know just exactly how the account stands that she has been taking for granted so long.

If you search the Connecticut valley you will find a little dint where nestles the God's Acre which holds all those for whom grandma longs and sighs.

As the days go by the little smile grows clearer, and she wonders how people can think calmly of dying who have not so many bright faces waiting at the gate: Over the river, we've crossed it at last,

Ne'er from its haven to roam. There will we sing with the glorifled throng Loud hallelujahs in one happy song; Praising the Power that has brought us along Over the river-at home! -Elizabeth I. Hubbard, in Springfield

Over the river, our danger is past, Safe in the harbor our bark is moored fast,

(Mass.) Republican. DIAMOND THIEVING.

Clever Tricks Played by Dishonest Men in

the Kimberly Mine District. One man left the fields, and upon behe was out hunting, and as we came shoulder and shot a bird sailing overhead, remarking as we came up: "I don't suppose that bird has any diamonds under his skin, has he?" We went through him and finding nothwards we learned that the two shells were loaded with diamonds instead of in his belt inspected, no one thought of looking at the two cartridges in the barrels. Soon after this, the same man was caught at the coast with two shotguns among his baggage for Euplace by a wad inserted as though to keep out the dust.

The greatest haul we ever made was with a book-agent; he came into the Fields with a wagon and team of oxen and sold books to every one, staying there quite awhile; when he left we found seventeen of his books had a cunning receptacle in the cover, made by hollowing it out, filling it with diamonds and plugging the end with something rattle discovered the trick. There were over \$100,000 in diamonds in his possession.

A Dutch Boor, who came to the Fields to sell ostrich-feathers, filled the quills of his surplus stock with the stones and tied the ends over so naturonly small stones, and although there amount to any large sum, compara-

Another clever trick was tried by a man who had been a shoemaker and who still preserved his tools. He fixed some hollow boot heels to a number of shoes, filled them with diamonds, and gone a woman whom he had been "Three weeks! And we have drinking with gave the thing away be-Graphic.

PATENT OFFICE CURIOS.

The Model of a Contrivance Invented by

Occupying a prominent position in a case in the center aisle is the model of a beat for lifting vessels over shoals. It was patented to Abraham Lincoln in 1849, when the future President thought to make a reputation as an inventor rather than a statesman. Lincoln is the only President who ever secured a patent.

The first shoe was patented in 1811 by two Massachusetts men. It is of undressed leather, and there is quite a difference between the workmanship stitched shoe. So well was the work It is a still country afternoon. In done, however, that it was impossible sole and ascertained it was pegged.

In the class of perpetual motion machines the Patent Office is deficient. It has no working model, but an inventor stepped in the other day to say model which he would send shortly. When the machine arrives it will be given an entire case by itself.

sented. There are flying machines of which the ærial traveler dons for his flight through space, and was patented March 5, last.

There are in the neighborhood of had it not been for two destructive fires

- An Atchison (Kas.) dry-goods store

A WAR-SHIP'S STORY.

The Old Line-of-Battle-Ship Vermont and the Services Rendered by Her.

The oldest jack-tar can recall many interesting experiences upon her long before and since she began her career as a receiving ship at the navy yard twenty-five years ago, where she now lies at the Cob Dock, girdled with great spars to keep ice and other floating obstructions from her sides. Bereft of spars and roofed over like a house she looks any thing but a frigate of the Lord Nelson class, like the famous Victory and the Temeraire. She is the last of the old ships of the line, and her triple tier of ports can be seen in no modern built ship. Some people have supposed that she served in the war of 1812, and there are many more who look upon Her as one of the defenders in the Mexican war. But she really saw no service until the more recent Civil war.

She was built at the Charleston Navy Yard, and was intended to be the flagship of Commodore Perry's memorable expedition to Japan in 1852. But some thing happened and Perry ing followed and overtaken, pretended took the Mississippi. The Government then lost interest in the Vermont up with him, coolly put his gun to his and for nearly ten years she remained on the stocks unfinished. When the civil war broke out and every thing that could float was sought after, the Vermont was pushed forward and put into commission January 29, 1862. ing, let him go. Some time after- Her first service was to carry stores and supplies to the squadron off Port he slipped into his gun after firing it. Royal, and it was the longest voyage ever made by any ship from Boston to powder and shot, and although the Port Royal. The Vermont sailed from butt had been tested and the amuition | Boston on February 24, and when off Cape Cod was caught in a tempest which lasted three days. Her sails were carried away one after another until not so much as a ribbon was left. On the second day her rudrope, both of them being loaded to the der was wrenched off by the seas, and muzzle with diamonds, held in their along with it went seven of the boats and three anchors. With no sails and no rudder the Vermont went along seaward, rolling and pitching like a great tub, until a drag could be got out astern and canvas be put on the vessel.

That was before the efficiency of oil to calm troubled waters had received much thought, and so badly did she throw herself in the sea that the chaplain had to be lashed to a gun while reading the brief burial servic over the bodies of three men who had been killed by the plunging and lurching of

the vessel. The old vessel drifted in calms and was swept along by gales until she was pretty nearly over to the Azores, when the steamer Saxon, one of the two steam vessels sent by the Government to search for her, picked her up off his actions by his own conscience, ally no one would have dreamed they these islands and furnished her with a without any regard to the opinions of had even been opened, and the quills, new rudder and a suit of sails. She the rest of the world, is one of the spite of her hard years of labor and being black in their natural state, preson lost her new rudder, and on April first precepts of moral prudence justias rigged for her were a number of them they did not and she reached Port Royal on April 13, having been forty-nine days at sea, thirty-eight of which she was without rudder or sails and twenty-three days

without sunshine. After that she served as flag-ship, store-ship, hospital-ship and prisonship in the North Atlantic Squadron, "Bill" Perry, the king of the blockaderunners, having even been a prisoner on her. She began her present career of inactivity in 1864, and she now lies in a mud bed. A receiving ship is not the comprehensive word that might be used, but it is the naval term for such service. It is a sort of nautical boarding-house for newlyhelp me! but it was the busiest day of meant considerable hardship, if not enlisted men while waiting to be deall, and my heart never told me that death. We caught up with him at tailed for sea-going vessels, and for those who have returned home at the expiration of their enlistment and are waiting to be paid off. A visit to the vessel will convince one that the country has not an absolute American navy, at least so far as the men are concerned, for on her decks will be found men of various nationalities, many who can hardly interpret an order given to them in English, or who can hardly understand each other when attempting to speak English, and certainly not when speaking in their own tongue. But when the training-school system has been fully developed a decided change will be brought about in this respect. -N. Y. Tribune.

RAT-PIE FOR EPICURES. The Flesh of the Barn Rodent Makes

Delicious Pastry. Not only is the rat fastidious in its hoice of food, but it affords a dainty food itself, in connection with which fact I have had some amusing experiences. Some years ago I mentioned incidentally in the course of a lecture that the Chinese who eat the rat habitually and the Parisians, who did so under compulsion, suffered no real hardship, as the flesh is not only nutritious, but really excelent and delicate food, far surpassing that of the rabbit. Being pressed by the audience for further explanation, I told that I spoke from practical experience, and that cold rat-pie (of course made from barn rats) was a delicacy worthy of any epicure's table.

Reports of the lecture-mostly exaggerated-were published in the leading newspapers, and copied into nearly every journal in the land. An avalanche of correspondence poured on me, and I was greatly amused with the different views of the writers. A few 200,000 models in the Patent Office, and had summoned up courage to try the experiment, and were unanimous in their approbation. Many asked for details in the manufacture of the pie which would have taken up a whole cookery book if answered. Many more asked if I could kindly send them a ready-made pie, so that they might

PITH AND POINT.

-Scandal is not like a brick building. It never collapses because of a poor foundation. -Binghamton Repub-

-Without the obligations of a family, man goes down the stream of time adrift, like a loose log. -Harper's -Good nature is the very air of a

good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers. -A pretty girl may be so fully occupied with being beautiful as not to

have time to be agreeable.-Detroit Free Press. -Every man loves to hear his own experience told by some other man. That is the reason Bunyan's "Pilgrim's

Progress" is so much read .- Richmond Religious Herald. -When a boy of sixteen looks into the future it seems almost an eternity. When a man of forty looks into the future it seems as brief as a rabbit's

tail.-Texas Siftings. -Poverty is no disgrace, says Uriah Well That depends. Abstractly speaking, no condition is a disgrace. Only the acts which have established it deserve the criticism .- Judge.

-It takes imagination to realize vividly any thing outside of our own consciousness, but, directly we have this keen resligation of another's condition. we are in some sort of sympathy with

-Opportunities fly in a straight line from eternity to eternity, and they touch us and pass on never to return. But injustices we practice on others fly in a circle and, however they may widen out, they come back and smite is with heavier wing than that which hey smote others.

-It is bad policy to be haughty, repelent, unsocial. The most resolute aspirant to wealth or position may stumble as he climbs, and, if no one stretches out a finger to save him, may roll headlong to a depth far below the point from which he started. A lift for a lift is the business rule of to-day.

-Once a Week. -In repeating the statements of one man to another, we take upon ourselves a responsibility which is overlooked. Many of the misunderstandings and difficulties between the people, arising constantly in all departments of life, are to be traced to the forgetting of this responsibility. It is the responsibility of safe transmission of thought, without damage or breakage, from one soul to another. -S. S.

-That every man should regulate of Heaven are to lie useless, but by the voice, likewise, of experience, which will soon inform us that if we make the praise or blame of others the rule of our conduct we shall be distracted by a boundless variety of irreconcilable judgments, be held in perpetual suspense between contrary impulses, and consult forever without determination.-N. Y. Ledger.

STRIKING CONTRAST.

An Ex-Brakeman Tells How Railroad Presidents Traveled Years Ago. There is a striking contrast in the mode in which railroad officials travel nowadays from the modest way in

which their predecessors went over their lines thirty or forty years ago. Now the president and many of the other officials of every railroad in the country have their private palace cars, and they never go out, even for short trips, without them. Thirty years ago I was employed as a brakeman on a passenger train on the Pennsylvania railroad. As the train was filling up at the Philadelphia depot one morning, I was directing the passengers to their respective coaches, when a tall man, wearing a white hat, whom I did not know, stepped up to the train to go aboard. I directed him to the car and he quietly took his seat. There was one coach a little more finely finished than the others that was used as the ladies' car, but I did not put the tall man in it. A few minutes later the conductor came along and brusquely inquired of me: "Where's Thompson?" "Thompson!" said I, "what Thompson?" "Why, Edgar Thompson, president of the road," replied the conductor. "I don't know," I said, "I have not seen him." "Wasn't there a tall man with a white hat here a minute ago?" queried the conductor. "Yes, he is in this car." said I. "Why didn't you put him in the ladies' car?" the conductor asked. "Because he had no ladies with him," I answered. The conductor went into the car, bowed politely to Mr. Thompson, and made an apology for not seating him in the ladies' car. "No apology is necessary, Mr Conductor," replied the president, "I made the rules myself, and I expect you to follow them." And Mr. Thompson remained in the car during his journey. -St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Meek Felt Much Relieved.

Mrs. Society-Mercy on me! Don' you know that man your daughter is going to marry? Mr. Meek-No-o. I've been afraid

to ask her. Mrs. Society-He's a prize-fighter, a regular tough. He's fought a score of

men, and half-killed a dozen women." Mr. Meek (much relieved)-Oh! Then he's all right. I was afraid he was some poor lamb like myself. -N. Y. Weekly. -

A HOME-MADE SCARE.

Carl was a jolly little fellow. With eyes of blue and curis of yellow, And rosy cheeks, and just the chin To hold a pretty dimple in. He found himself alone one day, And wondered what 'twas best to play While his mamma remained away. Pencil and paper soon he saw, And se'zed them both. Said he: "I'll draw An ogre like the one so grum Poor Jack heard growling 'Fee-fo-tum.'
First, here's his forehead full of bumps,
And then his nose with three big humps, And then two ears of 'normous size And then two dreadful staring eyes, And then a mouth from ear to ear, With long, sharp, teeth-like tusks," But her The artist, with eyes opened wide In fright, gazed on his work and cried; "Mamma, Mamma—come, come please, do, I'm very lonely without you; And oh! Mamma, I'm so afraid this old ogre that I've made. -Margaret Eytinge, in St. Nicholas.

DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER. No Such Thing as "Luck"-Man the Nat- trained themselves better than any ural Result of What He Was When a

make a success in his life. Some boys body else failed to train him." have a vague idea that to get rich means having "luck." "If you are will remain poor," is the conclusion of some boys

This seems very singular when you see how clearly every boy recognizes that if he is to take any position in school he must work for it. He does not expect to learn his lessons through "good luck," but work. He does not expect to win the regard of his schoolmates through "good luck," but by being truthful, constant, honest manly; these are the qualities that tell for success in school, and the world is a great big school.

We sometimes make the mistake of thinking that we come to certain places or points in life where we can break off old habits and begin entirely new. That is a great mistake. Watch your younger brother and sister. Can any one tell just when they ceased being babies, stopped playing with baby toys? The change was so gradual that no one saw it; they passed into the boy and girl period without those who loved them best finding it out. Yet they showed certain traits even then which were indications of the kind of boys and girls they would make. So the boy or girl in a thousand ways tells the kind of man or woman that will develop. There is no "luck" in it. It is as gradual and as sure as the growth of the oak from the acorn-No one expects to see a lily-ofthe valley grow from the acorn, or a thistle, or a stalk of corn. Every one knows that the acorn will produce the oak. When we see a bunch of thistledown floating off lightly in the air we know that when it alights and the seeds settle in the ground a thistle will de-

p, not an apple tree. No one expects a quiet, earnest, business-like man to develop from a boy noted for his carelessness, his noise and forgetfulness. No one expects to see a rough, lazy, indifferent, unambitious man develop from a boy who is gentle, thoughtful for others, industrious, ambitious to make the most of himself. The boy is the bud, the man is the flower; it is always the same stalk, either an oak or a thistle.

If a boy starts out to have a good time-that is, gives as little time as possible to work, makes just as many engagements to fill evenings socially as he can make, is indifferent or nearly indifferent to the kind of friends he makes so that time is filled-and then trusts to "luck" to have his salary raised and grow into more important position in the field of labor he has chosen, the probabilities are that he will fill in old age the position he filled when he first entered manhood. He may call this his "luck," but the world knows it is the result of the life chosen.

Good luck is but another name for good working powers devoted to good ends. Work joined to good judgment, good thinking powers, makes a man a respected, successful man. A man may be rich, but in making that wealth he may have sacrificed the respect of himself and the world. Wealth alone is never success. Nor is poverty an assurance of honesty; it may be the natural result of laziness, bad judgment, and lack of knowledge or confidence. We build our own futures, and we begin to build as babies. The moment the first stone is laid in the foundation of a house, you speak of it as part of the house. You do not wait until it is partly built, but at once recognize it as the beginning of what will by and by be a whole. So the boy-baby in the gradle is the promise of the man, and every day helps build the man. A rich man who had begun life as a poor boy was asked about the and answered:

chances of success for a young man, "I will tell you from my own experience how any young man in this country, with nothing but his hands they do, and how much harm. Try and good health, may get a 160-acre farm, or almost any thing else he word and a smile. -Sydney Dayre, in chooses. He has only to go to work, say at sixteen or eighteen years of age, as a farm hand, or in any other way, begin to save from the first, live a strictly temperate, honest and truthful life, and keep entirely clear of bad the dish the other day when the fruit company. Instead of loafing, he must was passed to him. He did this bespend his leisure in reading good books fore his grandmamma had been and getting all the information he can h lped. He looked ashamed when he get about his country's history. Any saw her take the small one, but he young man who starts out in that path | was glad that his was so big. and keeps in it is sure to succeed. He will soon be known in the place where fruit was black and unfit to eat. His he lives, and his good character will papa's eyes twinkled, and he said: be the best kind of capital for him to begin on. Every body will respect is it, Jamie?" him, and the first thing you And his mamma said: "Selfish boys know he falls in love with some good often lose what they want to get"girl who is worthy of him, and of whom | United Presbyterian.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS. he is worthy, and a little while afterward you will find him well started in life, with a good wife and a home of his own. Why, it's just as certain as day and night, and the only reason so many fail is because they won't take the road that leads to success.

"If, on the contrary, a young man starts out as a beat, spending his time in rum-mills and where loafers congregate at street corners, the habit will grow upon him, and after awhile he is fit for nothing else. He becomes a confirmed tramp or something worse. A man must be broken in to work in harness just the same as a horse or mule, but those who find themselves without any body to break them in have the advantage of mules or horses in the fact that if they will begin in time they can break themselves, and it often happens that those who have succeeded through self-discipline have really parent or other person could have done. Therefore, no man in this coun-There is a spirit in every healthy try has the right to say that he came American boy which urges him to to grief because his parents or some-

No one can make or mar a man without his own help. If a man fails, lucky you will get rich, otherwise you there are as many causes inside of the man as outside for that failure. He can not stand before God and the world and declare that he has no share of responsibility for that failure, or say it was his "luck." He is as a man the natural result of what he was as a boy-be used the opportunities and pleasures that appealed most to him. -Christian Union

RUTHIE'S VICTORY.

She Finds Out How Much Power There Is Harry was standing in the road, on the way home from school. There had been a heavy shower an hour before,

and there was a large puddle in the road. He had a switch, and was switching the water from side to side. Nettie came along, and looked very

crossly at Harry. "You stop that!" she said. Harry did not like the way she spoke,

or the look on her face. "Say 'please,' and I will," he said. "I'm not going to say 'please!" "Then I shall do it as long as I like."

"I can't get by till you stop." "Yes, you can. I'm not hindering

"You are. I shall get all splashed." "Then stay where you are. You can't make me stop." Now, the truth was that Harry did not care a bit about switching the water any longer. If Nettie had spoken pleasantly he would have stopped at once.

But now he felt as if he would stay there all day just to spite her. "I shall tell your mother, you mean

boy, if you don't stop," went on Net-Harry laughed louder as Nettie tried to run by. He gave a harder switch and laughed more loudly than ever as he saw Nettie's white apron spotted with mud. She scowled back at him

as she went on. Nettie had just turned a corner when Ruthie came up. Harry looked at her a little sourly, for he did not feel half so pleasantly as he had before

Nettie came. Do you wonder why? Was it because Nettie had been cross? Partly so; for no one can speak or look crossly without leaving a shadow behind. But Harry felt that he had been wrong, too, and that is worse than to suffer wrong

from others. "Stop a minute, and let me get by, Harry," said Ruthie. "I don't have to stop," growled

Harry. "But I can't get home till you let me

"I don't care. You can't make me "Oh, yes, I can," said Ruthie, with a

laugh. "I should like to see you try," said Harry, holding his switch tighter than before while he looked at Ruthie. "You're as big as I am; but who cares

for that?" "I can, though," said Ruthie. How do you think she did it? She came nearer, still smiling. and

"Harry, please let me pass. You wouldn't be ugly to me, I know." Harry had never thought of an attack of kind words. If Ruthie had tried to take away his stick. or to push him out of her way, he would have made a good fight; but what could he

do now? He gave a little laugh as he stood back to let her pass, saying: "Well, if that's the way you're go-

ing to make me, I guess I'll have to give up." Try it, little children. You have all seen how one angry word or look will bring another, and how little good how much power there is in a gentle

Our Little Ones. A Selfish Boy.

Jamie took the largest banana on

But when he took off the skin the "The largest isn't always the best,